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Choice Loetry.

THE RAVEN. BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor. Eagerly I wished the morrow—vaiuly I had sought to For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name

Thrilled me Silled me with fantastic terrors never felt So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood re-

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer, "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I im-But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping.

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber That I scarce was sure I heard you"-here I opened wide

Darkness there, and nothing more. And the only word there spokeh, was the whispered word "Lenare!"

This I whispered, and an ocho murmured back the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more. Soon I heard again a tapping, something louder than before. ely," said I, "surely, that is something at my window lattice: Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery ex-Let my heart be still amoment, and this mystery explore— "Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of Not the least obeisance made be; not an instant stopped

Then this ebony bird, beguiling my sad fancy into "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven; "art sure no craven;
(inastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering fr om the
Nightly above.
Tell me what thy fordly name is, on the Night's Pluto-

rvelled, this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly.

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing, that no living human being Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber

With such name as "Nevermore!" Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have row he will leave me, as my hopes have flown Then the bird said, "Nevermore !"

caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden Till the dirges of his hope the melanchely burden bore.
Of 'Nevermore!—nevermore!'

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling, Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door; Then, upon the velvet sinking I betook myself to linking Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominor bird of yore Meant in creaking "Nevermore !"

'Thus I seef, engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing To the for I whose fiery eyes now burned into my beson's This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease re-On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated velvt-violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating SHE shall press-ah! nevermore!

unseen censor.
Swung by seraphius, whose foot-falls tinkle on the tufted "Wreich!" I cried, "thy God hath leat thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil !-prophet still, if bird or devil! Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore, slate, yet all undaunted, in this desert land enhome by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—is there balm in Gilead!—tell me—tell me—I

et " said I, "thing of evil !- prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow lasen, if, within the distant I shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels named

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!" "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shricked, upstarting—
shricked, upstarting—
Get thee back into the tempost and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spooken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!" And the raven, never flitting, still is aitting, still is

And the lamp light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my seul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,

Select Story.

A HEROINE OF 1776.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

I don't like to hear the noise of those hammers. The dull sound of laboring picks breaks
upon the ear with monotonoes regularity. They
are making tracks for a railroad in this old
town. I am not pleased with the improvement,
as some call it, for a pleasant farm house, and
dis surrounding fields that sloped from high and
undulating hills, have vanished forever before
its nod. The great genius of enterprise, with
his ugly ahears of commerce, is clipping at the
poor wings of poetry and romance, till I fear, byand-by, they will have only power to flap along
the ground, their ethereal faculties chained
down to stock-taking and invoices.

I am sorry the house is gone, for there are

I am sorry the bouse is gone, for there are some recollections connected with the history, for the sake of which it would be pleasant could it have been spared. An old red farm-house, surrounded by fields of waving grain and corn, in the Autumn time, and overhang by branches of fruit trees, golden with the fullness of time, is a sight of picturesque beauty in a rich valley, especially if a fine old mountain looms up in the back-ground, or a deep of forest trees stretches away into the clear, mellow atmosphere beyond. In that one before us—I am speaking now as if it stood in the old spot—the widow of the noble Captain Pierpout lived, some fifty years ago. The lady was a fine specimen of the old-time women; dignified, even commanding in manner, with a fresh bloom upon her cheek, a finely moulded head, and a deep, earnest expression in her yet bright eyes. She was a woman of refined and cultivated intellectual powers; a woman who, in youth, had known no stint of wealth; whose mind was stored with classic lore; who had never, till she emigrated to the new world, soiled her white fingers with even household work.

Father and husband were both dead. The bones of the former repose in another country, beneath a marble monument; the latter had

Father and husband were both dead. The bones of the former repose in another country, beneath a marble monument; the latter had now slept two years in the little burying ground beneath the wooden church, in sight of the red farm-house, and a small grey stone marked the spot where his ashes mingled with dust.

One day, during the hardest campaign of our sturdy soldiers, Madam Pierpont was alone u pon the farm. Pomp, a negro servant, had gone on-some errand which would detain him till nightfall, and Alec, the hired man, had wounded his hand in the morning with an axe, so that he was quite disabled, and obliged to return to his home, about a mile distant, which, by the way, was the nearest homestead to the old red farmhouse. The widow's four brave sons, of ages varying from eighteen to twenty-six, had started but two days previous, for the field of their country's battle.

country's battle.

While the widow realized that in all probability some, perhaps all, of her treasures would be smitten by the rathless hand of war, her check was still unblauched, and a holy hope sat in the repose of her beautiful features. Only now and then she turned to open the Bible before her, and read a few consoling passages, and straightway resumed her work, with a trusting smile. Ah! patriotism found an enduring home in many a gentle breast.

smile. Ah! patriotism found an enduring home in many a gentle breast.

Suddenly, from the distance came a sound, like the trampling of horses' feet, and a great cloud of dust betokened the approach of travellers, hurrying to their destination. The widow moved to the door, and shading her eyes from the intense sunshine, watched their progress. They drew nearer, and in another moment three horsemen drew up before the door. They wore military costume, and were all fine-looking men. The foremost gentleman far exceeded the others by his imposing appearance, and the greatness of his countenance. It needed no introduction to assure the widow that this was George Washington. With that courtesy which always characterized him, he bowed gracefully to Madcharacterized him, he bowed gracefully to Mad-am Pierpont, as he blandly asked if he could find rest and refreshment.

"Our horses are wearied—we have ridden since nine this morning, and would fain recruit,"

"Certainly, gentlemen, and welcome," she re-plied, smilingly, throwing wide open the inner door, as they dismounted.
"Our horses are wearied," said one of the of-"Our horses are wearied," said one of the officers, patting his smoking beast. "I would they could be attended to immediately. Is there a groom or servant about your house, Madam, who cruld rub them down, and feed them? I will reward him liberally."

"We would ask no reward in this household,

sir," replied the widow; "if you will lead them round, they shall be cared for." "Make yourseives perfectly comfortable, gen-tlemen," said the widow, "and excess me while I prepare your refreshments. You must be hun-gry, as well as fatigned."

gry, as well as fatigned."

In another minute, the widow was in the stable, unsaddling the poor horses—work to which she was not accustomed, but which she nevertheless could do in time of need, being a woman of strong muscular frame, and great energy. She knew it must be done by herself, or not at all. She with a traw rubbed the animals down She knew it must be done by herself, or not at all. She with straw rubbed the animals down with her own hands, and gave them food. After changing her dress, the widow returned to her guests. As she stepped over the threshold of the room, one of the officers remarked to his

ompanion—
"He was one of my best men, and as fine a fel-

"He was one of my best men, and as me a rel-low as ever volunteered."
"Do you speak of Pierpout," said another.
"Yes, he fell yesterday, pierced by three balls."
For one moment, the cheek of the wicow blauched; but she spoke almost calmly, as she

asked—
"Which one was it, sir?"
"Henry Pierpont, if I am not mistaken. Was he known to you?"
Was he known to ber? Oh! the torture that followed that question! Henry! her noble first born; he who had taken the place of the dead at their board, and with a gravity beyond his years, carried out the plans his father left unfinished; and now his blue eyes were closed in death—oh, the thought was auguish! A death-ly faintness came over her, as she turned her whitening cheek away. hitening cheek away.

"He was my son, sir." They did not see her face, as she walked quickly but firmly from the room.

"Now, God forgive me! I feel as if I had done a cowardly thing," murmured the officer, while his lips grew pale with emotion. "Coming here to partake of this woman's hospitality, I have cruelly stabbed her to her heart."

"You are not to blame my friend," said Wash.

"You are not to blame, my friend," said Washington, in his deep tones, in which was blended a sudden pathos. "Neither, if I read her aright, would she recall the child bravely fallen in his country's cause. This is no common we a sudden pathos. "Neither, if I read her aright, would she recall the child bravely fallen in his country's came. This is no common woman—her very face speaks of her soul's nobility. Mark me—when next you see her, she will be tearless; no word of sorrow will issue from her lips. Our mothers, our wives—I am proud to say it—are heroines in this trying period. And this," he continued, pointing to the Bible, "this is the secret of their greatness: wherever you behold that volume opened, bearing evidence of constant-perusal, there you will find women capable of any emergency. I repeat it, when we meet her again, she will be calm and tearless, although a mother bereaved of a child." And so it was. Madam Pierpont had schooled her grief, for the time, into a sudden and sacred submission; and when the officers were called into another room, to partake of the smoking viands she had prepared, they found her collected, unchanged in manner, and serene in countenance. The officer from whom the news had so rudely burst, was lost in admiration of her conduct, and was often heard to say, subsequently, that he venerated woman the more for her sake.

Toward night, the trio departed, thanking the kind woman with grateful hearts for her court-esy. They found their horses ready saddled, and were forced to the conjecture that Madam Pierpont had herself performed the duty of hos-

General Washington kindly took her hand, before he mounted his charger, and addressed her tenderly and affectionately. Tears came to the eyes of his officers, while they listened; but though an increasing pallor spread over the wid-ow's face, she murmured:

"I am thankful, thankful to my God, sir, that

"I am thankful, thankful to my God, sir, that he has deemed me worthy of demanding my first born in this glorious struggle; he was ready, sir, ready for life or death."

But when they had gone, and she returned to the silence of that ione bonse, the mother wept exceedingly bitter tears. Draw we the curtain before her sacred anguish.

Farewell, old Pierpont House, with your carpet of mallows, and old fashioned pots standing upon the stoop. I feel said at the thought that I shall never again see its open door wreathed with vines, whereon hung clusters of luxuristing grapes; nor its windows, on the lower floor, all opened, with their curtains of anowy muslin floating with a dreamy, undulating motion in the pleasant breeze.

MAINE is the place for a woman to faint with eafety. On a railroad train a lady fainted, and thirteen liquor flashs were promptly placed at her disposal; and yet there were but thi recen

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1878.

LOST BELIEFS.

Miscellany.

BT W. D. HOWELLS. One after one they left us;
The awest birds out of our breasts
Went flying away in the morning;
Will they come again in their nests!

Will they come again at nightfall, With God's breath in their song! Noon is fierce with the heats of Sum And Summer days are long!

O, my life, with thy npward liftings, Thy downward striking roots, Riponing out of thy tender blossoms But hard and bitter fruits!

In thy boughs there is no shelter
For the birds to seek again;
The decolate nest is broken
And torn with storms and rain!

NAPOLEON'S PROPRECIES.

The rapid march of events during the past year in Eastern Europe recalls to mind the prophecy of Napoleon, that in fifty years, Europe would be Cossack or Republican, and supplies some curious verification. The conversation which he had with the Englishman, O'Meara, as he paced back and forth in his restricted quarters at St. Helena, have been preserved by the latter, and recorded in book form. We cite a few of them, as showing how closely the great Emperor looked into futurity. Upon one occas-ion he said to O'Meara:

"In the course of a few years, Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all of Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the ca joling and flattering which Alexander practiced joling and flattering which Alexander practiced towards me, was to gain my consent to effect this object. I would not consent, seeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russiaus. The Powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominious, reaching near Constantinople. The only hypothesis upon which England and France will ever form an alliance with sincerity, will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance would not avail. France, Eugland and Prussia united cannot prevent it.

But even this alliance would not avail. France, Eugland and Prassia united cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it. Once mistress of Coussantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Meditogranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India with an army of 70,000 good soldiers, which is nothing, and 100,000 canaille, Cossacks, and others, and England loses India."

Upon another occasion, he said to O'Meara:

"I think that you will see that the Russians will either invade and take India, or enter Eurode with 400,000 Cossacks and other inhabitants of the desert, and 200,000 real Russians. When Paul was so violent against you, he sent to me for a plan to invade India. I sent him a plan with instructions in detail. From a port in the Caspian Sea, he was to march on to Iudia. Russia must either fall or aggrandize herself."

In still another conversation, O'Meara asked Napoleon if it was true that Alexander once intended to seize Turkey, to which Napoleon replied:

"All his thoughts are directed to the conquest."

plied:
"All his thoughts are directed to the conquest
of Turkey. We have had many discussions toof Turkey. We have had many discussions to-gether about it. At first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive those brutes (the Turks) out of Europe. But when I reflected upon the con-sequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, in consequence of the numbers of Greeks in the Turkish domin-ions, who would virtually join the Enssians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe. I reflected that France would join Egypt, Syria, and the Islands, which would have been nothing in comparison with what Russia would have obtained. I considered that the barbarian of the North sidered that the barbarians of the North were already too powerful, and probably in the course of time would overwhelm all Europe, and I now of time would overwhelm all Europe, and I now think they will. Austria already trembles. Russia and Prussia united, Austria falls, and England cannot prevent it. France, under the present family, is nothing, and the Austrians are so weak that they will be easily overpowered. They will ofter little resistance to the Russians, who are brave and patient. Russia is the more formidable, because she can never disarm. In Russia, once a soldier always a soldier—barbacians, who are may say have no country, and barians, who one may say have no country, and to whom every country is better than the one that gave them birth."

to whom every country is better than the one that gave them birth."

How have Napoleon's predictions been verified? During the last half century, the monarchical idea in Europe has grown feebler and feebler, and the prerogatives of sovereights have been cut down until they are little better than puppets to figure in pageants or automata, through whose mouths the power behind the throne speaks. Great Britain, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, and even Germany, have free parliamentary governments, and are practically republican, and the great Emperor's own country has established Republicanism through one of the most bitter political contests ever known, in which the people fought both Church and State. Their tendencies are all Republican. The outcome of the present war will make these tendencies still more pronounced. There cannot be a political disturbwar will make these tendencies still more pro-nounced. There cannot be a political disturb-ance or struggle at arms in Western Europe, which will not end in a new impulse given to Liberalism. The general drift of Europe is to-wards Republicanism, and by every outbreak or revolution, she gains a step forward in that direction.—Chicago Tribune.

A Becent Interview.

His Holiness, Pope Pio Nono, was received by his illustrious predecessor, St. Peter, with a smile of cordial welcome.

of cordial welcome.

"You have had a long and traoquil reign," said the Saint. "I trust you have left the affairs of our holy church in a flourishing condition on Holiness assured St. Peter that the Cathclic faith was never more firmly rooted and grounded, and the influence of the Church never more firmly cotablished, than when he left Rome; in fact, that Macanlay was right when he said she would yet exist in undiminished vigor, when that New Zealander was making his celebrated sketch of the ruins of St. Paul's.

The Saint leaded pleasand and said to his Mo.

sketch of the ruins of St. Paul's.

The Saint looked pleased, and said to his Hoiness: "I am glad to hear so favorable an account of your spiritual reign; was your temporal
reign equally successful!"

"Not in all respects," replied his Holiness;
"still I left behind me about twenty-four millions
of money."

of mouey."
"Indeed," said St. Peter; "we touched no such sum as that in my day. To whom did you intrust such a vast hoard!"
"To the Rothschilds," said his Holiness, hesi-

tatingly.
Something like a frown overspread the features of the Saint. "The Rothschilds," said be, with deliberation, "are they not Jews!"
"I believe—that is to say—I think—yes—they are," said his Holiness, with still greater hesita-

are," said his Holinese, who tion.
"And do you mean to tell me," said the Saint,
"And do you mean to tell me," said the Saint,
"And do you mean to tell me," said the Saint,
of our holy steruly, "that you, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, deposited the contributions of our holy church with the desendants of those men who

death?"
"Well—ah!—yes; I did."
"Why did you?" said the Saint, sternly. "You should have had a powerful reason."
"I did have a very powerful one," replied his Holiness. "The truth is, St. Peter, I did not know any Christians whom I was willing to trust with so much money."—N. Y. Times.

CROQUET AND CONCILIATION. A Rolemn Warning to Young Men Who Paney that Women Who Eang Their Partners with Croquet Mailets Can be Safely Conciliated by Marriage.

It is a curious fact that croquet, a game which

It is a curious fact that croquet, a game which merely bores men, awakens all the unholy passions of women's nature. The young lady who plays croquet is always firmly convinced that her opponents cheat, and that her partner is stupid. Good playing on the part of her opponents is, to her mind, a conclusive demonstration that they cheat without shame, and lie about it with the unblushing coeluses of professional politicians. Every woman leaves the croquet grounds with the firm conviction that every other woman is "a mean thing," with whom she shall never play again the longest day she lives. As to the stupidity of her unhappy partner, she is equally clear in her opinion and frank in her expression of it. In the early part of the game, whenever he makes a poor slot, she either remarks that she knew, from the way he held his mallet, that he must fail, or asks him why on earth he tried to make that shot, instead of doing something else which it was his manifest duty to do. At a further stage of the game, she grows more sarfurther stage of the game, she grows more sar-castic, and reminds him that if he really intends to play, be might as well begin. When the game has reached its crisis, and the wretched partner makes a mistake which involves certain defeat, makes a mistake which involves certain defeat, she either openly exclaims, "How stupid!" or else throws down her mallet and bursts into tears. Prof. Harkness, of the Smithsonian Institute, asserts, that 37,016 marriage engagements are annually broken off on the croquet ground, and that nearly one-third of that number of happy homes are made desolate because the husband fails to play as his wife insists that he ought to play. It was unfortunate for the heathen divinity who brought the famous apple of discord into play. It was unfortunate for the neather unity who brought the famous apple of discord into service that she flourished before the age of croservice that she flourished before the age of croservice that she flourished before the age of croservice that she flourished before the proservice that she flourished before the age of the quet, since the croquet mallet would have pro-duced far better results than any possible variety

duced far better results than any possible variety of apples.

It has often been asserted that young ladies, in the bitterness of defeat, have turned upon their partners and smote them violently with the avenging mallet. Of course, incidents of this kind are kept from the public as much as possible, but the frequency with which young men during the croquet season suffer from mysterious wounds in the hat, the shin-bone, and other tender places, admits of hat one explanaother tender places, admits of but one expl tion. Moreover, there are cases on record wounds confessedly due to croquet mallets, and the pretense that they were inflicted by mallets which accidentally flew from the hands of fair and indignant players, taxes our credulity almost too much. At all events, it is indisputable that in the town of Shelby, Ohio, a young man was recently struck in the head by his partner with such violence that his life was dispaired of, and the young lady herself was committed to jail to await the result of his injuries.

The affair happened in this way : The young nan, whom we may mark for identification with man, whom we may mark for identification with the name of Smith, was playing with a pretty and high-spirited partner, who constantly missed her hoops and invariably blamed her partner therefor. He bore his sufferings meckly, and thereby encouraged her to express her illogical and reckless mind still more freely. It finally bappened that at the end of the game, when Mr. Smith had it in his power to become a "rôver," and demoralize the enemy, he deliberately hit the stake and "went out." This insured his and his partner's defeat, and so exasperated was the impulsive young lady that she hit him over the head, breaking her mallet short off, and bringing the young man senseless to the ground. Whereupon she burst into tears, and with the nir of an early Christian martyr, went to her home.

Mr. Smith was picked up by sympathizing friends, and carried to the nearest house. Here he proceeded to indulge in a violent brain fever.

His bair was cut off, and he was blistered where ever presented an available surface, but, never-theless, he rapidly grew worse. It being ex-tremely probable that he would die, his croquet partner was arrested and imprisoned to await the result. The excitement in the village was intense. Odds of two to one were offered that Smith would die, and three to five were offered, with no takers, that his partner would commit suicide in order to avoid the gallows. After hovering between life and death for some weeks, Mr. Smith unexpectedly decided to get better, and in a short time was well enough to accept the congratulations of his friends—mixed, perhaps, with a little more water than he was accustomed to take when in his usual health.

The young lade whilited no research for her

customed to take when in his usual health.

The young lady exhibited no remorse for her act, and among croquet players of her own sex it was pronounced a perfectly justifiable one.

Mr. Smith's recovery released her from danger of the gallows, but his friends maintained that the very least he could do, would be to obtain an injunction forbidding her ever ro play croquet under any circumstances. What was their surprise when that deluded young man ambounced that he felt it his duty to conciliate his assailant. He remarked that as long as she would persist in banging him unlawfully over the head, the only way to restore peace and harmony, was for only way to restore peace and harmony, was for him to invite her to become his wife, and to rule over him in a strictly legal way. He thefore begged his assailant to marry him and become conciliated 7 and she, delighted to discover so easy a way out of her difficulties, accepted his offer.

offer.

That unfortunate young man has probably ere this discovered his mistake. The neighbors assert that he lives in an atmosphere of rollingpins, stove-lids, and broomsticks, and that his consumption of arnica and brown paper is appalling. No matter to what extent his skull is now fractured and his bedy covered with heart now fractured, and his body covered with bruises, be can not, under the laws of Ohio, obtain
any redress. He has voluntarily put himself in
the power of an irascible and reckless woman,
and his brown paper is on his own head. For
her part, she is cheerful and well satisfied. She her part, she is cheerful and well satisfied. She knows that he will nover again be the cause of her defeat on the field of croquet, and that he can not exercise any restraint upon her conduct. Naturally she despises his weakness, and shows him no consideration in private, though in public she pretends, from motives of policy, that he is the noblest man now living. The moral of this story is obvious, and it should be a soletin warning to young men who fancy that women who bang their partners with croquet mallets can be safely consiliated by marriage.—Neg York Times.

Strange Things that May Come to Pass in

There is no louger any vital question before the country, on which are not found Democrats and Republicans on both sides, but this silver question is bound to do more to unsettle political faith than any other one issue that has come before the people since the settlement of the slavery squabble. The opinions of the Southern Congressmen may be received as indicating with some degree of certainty the prevalent opinions of their constituents, and the main features of this appear to be extreme unfriendliness to the East in all matters of a financial nature, and a strong desire to coalesce with the West and the Northwest for mutnal profit. No matter how we may look at the silver question, such a coalition as this cannot but be regarded as of the highest political importance.

If the Western and Southern Democrats remain in harmony until the next National Democratic Convention, there is little doubt that with a platform of opposition to what is facetiously known as the "money power" of the East, they can nominate a candidate who will be the sworn foe of the bondholder, and since Ohio is notoriously orthodox on the subject of finance, Indian and Illinois are quite shaky, and New Jersey and Penusylvania are by no means to be depended on in an emergency, there is no good reason why they should not elect him. The only thing that could prevent such a denoncement would be the union of the Democratic party in the East with the Republicans, and however startling such a thought may at first appear, it should be carefully weighed before its rejection. Stranger things than this have happened, and even if the Democratic and Republican parties should both founder on this silver rock, the event would not be more extraordinary than the endorsement, by the most strongly pronounced Democratic Legislature in the South, of a Republican Senator who had done their bidding in the matter of the silver vote.—St. Louis Post.

A THRENODY.

[The Abkoond of Swat is dead .- London Popers, of Jan-

What, what, what.
What's the news from Swat!
Sad news,
Bad news
Comes by the cable, led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed.
Through the Fersian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the MedIterranean—he's dead—

For the Ahkoond I mourn, Who wouldn't! He strove to disregard the message But he Ahkoodu't.

As the case might be.
Sorrow Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water;
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That's Swat a the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat;
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But lain 'mid worms to rot,
His mortal part alone; his soul was caught,
(Because he was a good Ahkoond!)
Up to the bosom of Mahound,
Though earthly walls his frame surro und.
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And skeptics mock the lowly mound!
And say, "He's now of no Ahkoond,"
His soul is in the skies—
The ature skies that bend above his loved metr
Swat:

Swat; He sees, with larger, other eyes, Athwart all earthly mysteries— He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond,
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond,
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength;
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Ibead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

AHKOOND OF SWAT.

A few days before Pius IX. breathed his las the Pope of the Mussulmans passed away, Abdul hafur, the Ahkoond of Swat. (Ahkoond, be it Ghafur, the Ahkoond of Swat. (Ahkoond, be it here said, means "teacher.") From Cashmere to Mecca, from Bokhara to Lahore, in the politics of highland Asia, the Ahkoond has been much as the Pope is in the politics of Catholic Christendom. Not the Old Man of the Mountain; nor the fanatic Ameer of Bokhara, murderer of Stoddart and Conolly; nor the Sultan of Roum, claimant of the legitimate Catiphate; nor even the blind old zealot, Feysul, leader of the Wahabee revival, has exercised such influence over bee revival, has exercised such influence over the Mussulmans of Asia as has the ascetic cow-herd of the Goojurs. Abdul Ghafur was boru of shepherd parents in

1790, and till he was sixteen, berded their cattle. Running away from home, he sought out teach-ers first at Peshawut, then at Kbuttuk. Desirous of greater distinction than that offered by the ordinary career of a mollab, he vowed to become a derveesb, and took possession of the island of Bokka, a mere bank of mud formed at one great inundation of the Indus to disappear at another. Here for twelve years he lived a bermit life, in a vertical but wretched but, exposed to the cold blasts that only High Asia knows, and having for food only milk and the ends of a variety of grass. Literally for months he remained squatted on the ground, facing towards the Holy City, and howling the Creed and the ninety names of God, as the Rev. Mr. Hughes, a missionary to Peshawur, and Sir Harry Lumsden, a Bristish officer, certify. The latter had been specially ordered to visit and report upon this fanatic, who had alvisit and report the religious world. Indeed his fame had already come to the ears of the Sikhs, masters of the Peshawir Valley, who the Sikhs, masters of the Peshawur Valley, who had vowed vengeance on their former Mahometan prosecutors, and they attempted his life, but he fied to the mountains. So great was now (1835) his influence, that Dost Mohammed courted his assistance when he struck against the Sikhs; but Runjest Singh was too strong for Ameer and Ahkoond, and the latter, after fighting gallantly in the Khyber Pass for the Afghans, fied to the Swat village of Sydoo, which he was destined to make another Mecca.

The Swat valley, a valley some fifty or sixty miles long, by three miles wide, was broken up into three contesting tribeships, each claiming supremacy over the other for its doctor of the laws. By craft and simulated miracles, Abdul Ghafur induced the clans to consolidate under a

laws. By craft and simulated miracles, Abdul Ghafur induced the clans to consolidate under a nominal king of his own choosing, Synd Akbar. Then he removed his rival saints by having one assassinated while at prayer, and denouncing the other two to the British, who had conquered the Punjaub, as Wahabees. Dost Mohammed urged him to preach a holy war against the advancing infidel British, but the Ahkood, who saw that English sovereignty guaranteed neace urged him to preach a holy war against the advancing infidel British, but the Ahkoond, who saw that English sovereignty guaranteed peace and prosperity to the faithful, repelled his overtures. Henceforward he continued to exercise his influence in favor of the British, or at least refrained from using it against them, saving wifen, in 1863, he for a time checked Lord Elgin in the Umbeyla campaign, by casting in his lot with the Wahabees. This, however, was only temporary, for he preached ever afterwards that a djehad, or crescentade, against the reformed of the Wahabee rite was even more meritorions than one against the infidel British. It was Wahabee assassins, by the way, who struck down the Viceroy, Lord Mayo, and Chief Justice Norman of Calcutta.

The Ahkoond's influence it would be almost impossible to overrate. For nearly half a century the Indian Government watched him as assiduously and anxiously as Europe watches Bismarck, or used to watch Napoleon HI. In 1852, Sir Harry Lumsden wrote: "This saint has gained such an ascendency over the minds of Mahometans in general, that they believe he is supplied by supernatural means with the necessaries of life. Every morning, as he rises from his prayers, he is said to find money under his carpet sufficient for the day's expenditures. He is consulted in all difficulties." The Pope of Sydoo, says Mr. Hughes, the, missionary already mentioned, "reigus supreme as the guide and director of the hearts of men all over High Asia." Three hundred pilgrims daily visited him, and none came empty handed, whether their home

mentioned, "reigus supreme as the guide and director of the hearts of men all over High Asia." Three hundred pilgrims daily visited him, and none came empty handed, whether their home were Bengal, or Bokhara, or Constantinople, or Mecca itself (for even in the Holy City, the Ahkoond was beid in high repute.) or Persia, or Tunis. These he entertained—fancy the host of 100,000 visitors every year—blessed, prayed for, and advised. His counsels and predictions were sought upon every imaginable subject. This man came to ask if he could lawfully learn English, a language which the oracle denounced as "the seed of infidelity;" this, if his crippled son would be healed by a certain treatment; this how his law-suit in the Anglo Indian courts would turn out; this (a ruler) whether he should declare war upon a neighbor, or the Franks, or the Russians. Up to the very last he retained his vigor. Last summer Ameer Sher Ali, of Cabul, as his father. Dost Mohammed, had done before him, invited the Akkoond's co-operation, and blessing in the military movement then being prepared in Afghanistan, to take advantage of the Russo-Turkish war, however it should result. The Ameer had, indeed, previously testified to his veneration of the old saint by ordering the compilation of a bulky volume celebrating his sanctity and his miracles. In May, 1867, though then seventy-seven, blind, and suffering from a chronic skin disease, induced by the ansterities of his early life, the Ahkoond, already the patriarch of a great family, married a girl of twenty. It is worth while to add that Magfair of June 26, 1877, when chronicling his latest appearance in the area of Asian politics, said prophetically, as the event has proved: "It may be that the same month, possibly the same day, shall see the removal of two old men, whose deaths will convole the West and affect the East." The two "old men" died within a fortnight of each other.

ROBERT RATICLIFF, of Nantucket, Mass., who is eighty-three years old, was on the vessel that carried Napoleon to St. Helena, and remembers well the incidents of the voyage. The Emperor used to speak to him occasionally, as well as to all the other sailors.

THE "NATIONAL" PARTY.

THE "NATIONAL" PARTY.

The National Greenback party of the United States, sometimes called the "Greenback Labor Reform National Union party," has just met in its first regular convention, at Toledo, Ohio. Of course they resolved. As a faithful historian of political events, we feel called upon to give the platform. It is as follows:

WHEREAS, Throughout our entire country, the value of real estate is depreciared, industry paralyzed, trade depressed, business incomes and wages reduced, unparalleled distress inflicted upon the poorer and middle ranks of our people, the land filled with fraud, embezzlement, bankruptcy, crime, suffering, pauperism, starvation; ruptey, crime, suffering, pauperism, starvation

ruptcy, crime, suffering, pauperism, starvation; and
WHEREAS. This state of things has been brought about by legislation in the interest of and dictated by money lenders, bankers and bondholders; and
WHEREAS, White we recognize the fact that men in Congress, connected with both the old political parties, have stood up manfully for the tights of the people, and met the threats of the money power and the ridicule of an ignorant and subsidized press, yet neither the Republican nor the Democratic parties in their national policies propose remedies for the existing evil; and
WHEREAS, The limiting of the legal tender quality of greenbacks, the changing of currency bonds into coin bonds, the demonstration of the silver dollar, the exempting of bonds from taxation, the contraction of the circulating mediam, and the proposed forced resumption of specie payments, and the profligate waste of the public lands were crimes against the people, and as far as possible the results of these criminal acts must be counteracted by judicious legislation;
Therefore we have assembled in National Con-

Therefore we have assembled in National Convention and make a declaration of our principles, and invoke all patriotic citizens to unite in an effort to secure financial reform and industrial enort to secure manetal reform and industrial emancipation. The organization shall be known as the "National Party," and under this name we will perfect, without delay, National, State and local associations to secure the election to office of such men only as will pledge themselves to do all in their power to establish these prin-ciples.

First-It is the exclusive function of the Gen First—It is the exclusive function of the General Government to coin and create money and regulate its value. All bank issues designed to circulate as money should be suppressed. The circulating medium, whether of metal or paper, shall be issued by the Government, and made full legal tender for all debts, duties and taxes in the United States at its stamped value.

Second—There shall be no privileged class of creditors. Official salaries, pensions, bonds, and all other debts and obligations, public and private, shall be discharged in the legal tender money of the United States, strictly according to the stipulations of the laws under which they were contracted.

were contracted.

Third—Resolved that the coinage of silver be placed on the same footing as that of gold.

Fourth—Congress shall provide said money adequate to the full employment of labor, the equitable distribution of its products, and the requirements of business, fixing a minimum amount per capita to the population as near as may be, and otherwise regulating its values by wise and equitable provisions of law, so that the rate of interest will secure to labor its reward.

Fifth—It is consistent with the genius and spirit of popular government that Government

Fifth—It is consistent with the genius and spirit of popular government that Government bonds and money should be taxed precisely as other property, and a graduated income tax should be levied for the support of the Government and the payment of its debts.

Sixth—The public lands are the common property of the whele people, and should not be sold to speculators, nor granted to Railroads or other corporations, but should be donated to actual settlers in limited quantities.

agricultural, and mineral, mechanical, manufacturing, and commercial resources, to the end that labor may be fully and profitably employed; but no monopolies should be legalized.

Eighth—All useless offices should be abolished; the most rigid economy favored in every branch of the public service, and severe punishment inflicted upon public officers who betray the trusts reposed in them.

Nisth—As educated labor has devised means for multiplying production by inventions and discoveries, and as their use requires the exercise of mind as well as body, such legislation should be had that the hours of daily toil will be reduced, giving to the working classes more leisduced, giving to the working classes more leis-ure for mental improvement and social enjoy-ment, and saving them from premature decay

ment, and saving them from premature decay and death.

Tenth—The adoption of an American monetary system as proposed herein, will harmonize all differences in regard to tariff and federal taxation, reduce and equalize the cost of transportation, by land and water, distribute equitably the joint earnings of capital and labor, secure to the producers of wealth the results of their labor and skill, muster out of service the vast army of idlers, who, under the existing system, grow rich upon the earnings of others, that every man or woman may, by their own efforts, secure a competence, so that overgrown fortnues and extreme poverty will be seldom found within the limits of our Republic.

Elereuth—Both National and State Governments should establish a Bereau of Labor and

Eleventh—Both National and State Governments should establish a Bureau of Labor and Industrial Statistics, clothed with the power of gathering and publishing the same.

Teel/th—That the contract system of employing labor in our prisons and reformatory institutions works great injustice to our mechanics and artisans, and should be prohibited.

Thirteenth—The importation of servile labor in the United States from China is a problem of the most serious importance, and we recommend leg-

THEIR NAMES WILL GO DOWN TOGETHER. What a commentary upon the spirit of the times when the President of the United States ower when the President of the United States owes his office to the manipulation of criminals.

Mr. Hayes is bound, body and soul, to the demon of dishonest barter quite as surely as Paust or Festus to the roaming devils that wrought their most accursed ruin. If it were not so he would move heaven and earth rather than see the men to whom he is indebted for all he possesses of human exaltation, covered with obloquy and contempt. In any event, shake them off as he will, desert and betray them as he may, the Louisiana Returning Board is indissolubly linked with Rutherford B. Hayes, and their names will go down to history together.—Toledo Journal.

A DESOLATE ADMINISTRATION.—How is the Administration getting on I I never heard of a more desolate one. There is no measure it could propose which would draw half a dozen warm supporters in Congress. If Congress were all, it might hope, but in the State of New York its friends are fugitive and depressed, and the Republican party, both politicians and voters, have almost ceased to regard it as theirs. That seems to be the view everywhere. If it would only go over and be Democratic it could be recognizable, but it has lost so much prestige that the Democrats are now afraid to accept it, and the Republicans want to give it away. If it was violent for a reform, for an error, for almost anything, it might get the respect of animosity.—

New York Times.

PROPLE WHO WON'T VOTE.—No doubt many of our readers will be surprised to learn that there is a sect in this city whose traditions debar them from wielding the freeman's weapon of the ballot, and from owning real estate. It is not often that traditions keep alive through the centuries so unchanged in are these of the little body of Scotch Covenanters whose kirk roof the fire took off last Sunday night. It is a strange glimpse they give us of a people who will not even vote to make Peter Cooper President, because the Stuarts refused to subscribe to the Solemn League.—New York World.

LEGNARD, the prosecutor in the case against the members of the Louisians Returning Board, is a "carpet bagger," being a native of Pennsyl-vania, and a citizen of Louisians since 1870 only. He, however, "meddles with polities" on the popular side, and, therefore, is left alone.

VINNIE REAM, who is making a life size bust of Senator David Davis, bought the necessary clay from the contractors for digging a cellar.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,079.

THE DYING INEBRIATE. BY ALICE CARY.

Break sweetly, red morning: I shudder with fear. For dreaming at midnight, My darlig, my dear, my lost, loving Mary, was here

Soft smoothing my pillow, Soft soothing my woe, She folded the coverild, Dainty as snow, chill bosom, and kneeling so low

Fell over my forehead. And bathed it like dew. As the pale, mortal sorrow
In Nfetime she knew,
I with the fond whisper, Pray I for you

And therefore this trenulous
Shudder of pain
Shakes my desolate bosom;
This agonized rain
Fills my eyes, that I thought not to vex me again.

Break sweetly, red morning, Break sweetly, I pray; In the darkness of midnight As moaning I lay, vision, this beautiful vision away. On the hill where the larehes

Trail low to the ground,
Till the meen lights but faintly
The head stores around,
blieth Mary beneath the husbed mound.

In her white shroud she lieth Beneath the cold stone— My life was the shadow

That darkened her own,
y death-crown to night is the thorns I have sown.

NASBY. Mr. Nasby Gires His Yiews on the Money Question, Stating What Kind of a Money Man He Iv.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Feb. 25, 1878.

Feb. 25, 1878.

The Silver bill don't amount to a soo markee for the Corners. In the fust place, Bascom hez alreddy put up the price uv likker to correspond with the depreshiashen uv silver, so ther ain't nathin made in that direckshus.

When it comes to payin dets with grater eeze, it duzent help us a particle, for we never intend to pay em at all. We have a shorter method uv declin with bloated bondholders. Repudiashen is jist ez eezy and vastly more connrchensive. deelin with bloated bondholders. Repudiashen is jist ez eezy and vastly more comprehensive and all-embracin in its effect than any sich parshel releef ez debasin the currency. Ef they hev morgages, and see fit to forcelose, let cm. A dozen men with shot-guns kin eezily hold the minyuns uv the law at bay, and by the time a dozen or more uv the grannin conpressers hev dozen or more uv the graspin oppressers hev the tops uv ther heads blowd off, they will be-gin to remember that the detter class hev rites

the tops uv ther heads blowd off, they will begin to remember that the detter class hev rites that will hev to be respectid.

But ez we want to pay, we must be furnisht with somethin to pay in. Silver ain't goin to do it, for how kin we git silver! Ef our notes wood git silver, and other peeple wood take that silver at any discount, then it wood anser, for ef ther is any one thing that a Cross. Roader delites in, it is givin his note. We wood even go so fur ez to sekoor em by endorsement. I wood endorse Deekin Pogram's paper, and he wood endorse mine, and we wood all endorse for each other, ef it wood sooth the minds uv the lenders, and make em any more contented.

But ther ain't no yoose uv talkin uv this. The public lack, confidence in us. I don't spose I cood go to any uv the money senters uv the world and borrer a hunderd thousand dollars on my own name, with the endorsement uv the Deekin. I never condition was a supplement of the lenders, and senters and the endorsement uv the lenders.

my own name, with the endorsement uv the in than to lend me \$8.32 at one vencher.

in than to lend me \$8.32 at one vencher.

Wat we want is a money that one kin git all he wants uv. Ef my sejestion uv makin lether dollars is rejectid by a unwise generashun wich don't recognize ther benefacters, why, then let us hev suthin wich is at once substanshel and kin be made plenty. My plan is this:

Give every corporashen the rite to ishoo jist ez much money ez it wants to, based upon the faith uv the corporashen wich ishoos it. For instance, the corporashen uv Confedrit X Roads ishoos its scrip to jist sich a amonnt ez it chooses, and distribits it pro rata among its citizens. That scrip shel be legle tender for everything, and any one refoesin to take it shel be immejitly taken out and hung. Some sich legislashen ez that wood be nessary to inspire confidence.

The effect wood be missarless. The effect wood be missarless.

The effeck wood be miraculous. Then we The effeck wood be miraculous. Then we wood all hev money, and cood pay the bloatid bondholders without trubble. We shood hev money with which to stimulate euterprise, and give the sperit nv progress wich belongs to the Amerikin karacter full scope to run and be glorified. Then we cood bild raleroads, and factries, and distilleries, and go on in a way that wood astopish the effect guvernments uv the Old World. Then wood ther come a period uv prosperity onto us that wood make up for the depression uv the last four veers, and things wood

perity onto us that wood make up for the de-preshet uv the last four yeers, and things wood be smooth agin.

This is better than the Silver bill, or anything that I know of uv. Moonissipal bankin is the remedy for our finanshel woes, and it is the only thing that will save us. Let the frends uv sil-ver abandon ther skeem, and come to the sup-port uv mine. Silver is only a parshel releef-my ijee is complect. Wit sich money I cood pay off Bascom, and hev enuff to live on to the last day uv my life.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Murphy's Mendacity Some of the Charges he Makes for Enthusing on the Cause of

Washington, Feb. 12.—Francis Murphy, the temperance apostle, has been laboring here for two weeks past. Some time ago Parson Newman and some of the members of the Young Men's Christian Association conceived the idea of having Murphy here for a month, and wrote to him on the subject. Murpy replied that his heart warmed toward Washington, but he could not come for less than \$200 per week and his expenses paid at the best hotel in the city. A contract was closed, and Murphy invited to come on; but before he arrived, after deliberation, the association concluded it would be best to annul the contract, and was about to inform Murphy of the determination when he arrived in the city. It was then decided to allow matters to go on according to the contract, and cortain meetings were set apart when an admission fee was was to be charged. Business was not prosperous, however. The meetings were not largely, attended, and at Murphy's suggestion the paynights were abolished, and other means to raiso money were to be undertaken. Last night Murphy announced his determination to return to New York. His bills at the hotel were \$60 for board, \$56 for incidentals, and \$53 for the board of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who were brought on from New York to take charge of the music at the meetings. The association also paid \$50 for Mrs. Wilson's services. Murphy was given \$10 for his services. He said that during his stay in the city he had given \$12 to the poor, which he demanded should be repaid. His request was complied with, and he then wanted turned over to him the proceeds of a collection taken up for the poor at one of his meetings. At this request was complied with, and he then wanted turned over to him the proceeds of a collection taken up for the poor at one of his meetings. At this request the Young Men's Christian Association people say they will publicly repudiate him if he ever sets foot in Washington again,—Special to the New York World. WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.-Francis Murphy, the

THE BOSPHORUS.—According to Charles Warren Stoddard, the general appearance of the Bosphorus is much like that of the Hudson. The Princes' Islands, near which the English fleet recently lay, are very picturesque, containing several small villages and Greek convents, and are a favorite resort for the Turkish nabobs from Constantinople. Commodious steam ferry boats run to them constantly from the city, and are always crowded with Turks.

Some of our busines men are almost convert ed to the remonetization scheme by the annoy-suce they suffer from the abandance of silver. They say that as they are obliged to take the stuff in trade, they would like to have it made a legal tender so the banks would be compelled to receive it on deposit.—Clereland Herald.